

Show Me Your Energon Refineries

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Show Me Your Energon Refineries

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Summary

Optimus has come back to life, again. Megatron is, maybe, happy to see him. Meanwhile, Rodimus has a completely innocent question for Optimus about what the Matrix added to the new Prime's frame.

Notes

There are robots who have breasts in this one—and would it really be PWP without some worldbuilding thrown in?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“Oh—oh, no. Rodimus, you can’t—”

“What?”

“You can’t just expose—you can’t just *show people that*,” Optimus choked. Meanwhile, Megatron made a considering noise and widened his optics, tilting his head to get a better angle for staring at Rodimus Prime’s chest, visibly fascinated, and Optimus was absolutely going to explode—

“Megatron, stop *looking!*”

“And why should I do that, Prime?” Megatron said, cutting a mischievous glance at him, because Megatron obviously knew exactly why he should not be ogling Rodimus Prime’s *brand-new perky red breasts*.

This wasn’t something Optimus had had time to think about since he’d been resurrected.

He couldn’t even blame himself for forgetting, under the circumstances. After all, he’d been *resurrected*. They hadn’t even discussed who was leading the Autobots now, never mind the other details of what it meant to carry the Matrix. He felt idiotic for not thinking of it sooner—Rodimus Prime had been rebuilt with all the ‘special features’ that came with the Primacy, and more than just increased size and strength. Obviously he would have questions.

Optimus probably should have written some kind of manual. Though he didn’t know when he would have had the time...

But asking about this extremely intimate issue while Optimus was in the middle of a tense conversation with Megatron—Optimus couldn’t even remember what he’d been talking to Megatron about. Something about his quarters in their temporary base? And engex, maybe? It was too much. Rodimus had just walked up to them and let his soft breasts spill out of his chestplates without any more of a warning than “Hey, guys!”

“Don’t pretend you don’t know, you’re even older than I am!” Optimus hissed at the Decepticon beside him.

Before Megatron could respond with some cutting but inevitably salacious remark, Rodimus said, “I don’t know. Ratchet said they were normal!”

The young Prime bounced one of them in his hand. It wobbled.

Megatron made a little surprised noise, and Optimus could see the reflected light as Megatron’s optics flickered and reset. Infuriating mech. Megatron shot a quick glance at him then, but Optimus refused to meet his gaze. Rodimus kept talking. “He said it was an older design, and Primes get them, and that I should ask you. Is the energon safe to drink? It’s really sweet.”

“Asoiefk,” Optimus said in a tide of static, as Megatron—the slagger—burst out laughing.

Megatron drawled suggestively, “You know, I thought the stories about orgies in the Temple of Primus were just made up.”

Fighting yet more static, Optimus said, “The sacred rituals were not—”

“Oh, woah—orgies?” The young Prime did not sound as scandalized as Optimus would have liked.

“You can use these for interfacing?”

“No?” Optimus said, but Megatron was talking over him.

“They’re supposedly *sensitive*, but I don’t have first hand experience.” Megatron leered some more. “I believe the relevant phrase is ‘drinking from the font of Primus.’”

Rodimus squeezed one of his breasts again. He *appeared* oblivious to the lascivious attention, but Optimus was beginning to suspect the young Prime was doing this on purpose.

“So, these things,” Rodimus flicked one of his dark nozzles, “They’re like straws? People drink from here?”

“I mean, they *could*,” Optimus managed to say.

“Ha! I told Drift they looked like tits!”

In desperation, Optimus tried, “Please, Rodimus, close your chestplates now.” Finally—finally, Rodimus did close up, using his hands help lift the swaying breasts out of the way of his chest’s transformation sequence.

“They look like what?” Megatron asked, frowning. Apparently he hadn’t spent much time perusing Earth media.

“You know—like the humans have. They’ve even got nipples,” Rodimus explained.

Megatron bristled, optics flashing. “We are not organics, little upstart.”

“Hey, what crawled up your tailpipe?” Rodimus said, punching Megatron playfully on the arm and ignoring the resulting growl. Not for the first time, Optimus wondered why, exactly, little Hot Rod had stopped being afraid of Megatron. What had been happening while he was dead? Had Megatron been getting familiar with the new Prime? Optimus hoped Rodimus hadn’t been taken in by the flirtatious way Megatron liked to mock people. It was really an obvious ploy. Why, Megatron had been trying to fluster him that way for years.

Of course, Megatron had previously only made fun of *Optimus* in that way, but still—

And then Rodimus said, “What do you care if Primes get some weird organic sex stuff?”

“They are not—” Optimus started, but Megatron talked over him.

“They’re not *just* for Primes,” he snarled, “The design used to be common. And they’re designed to refine energon, not for your organic perversions!”

Optimus sighed. How did Rodimus manage to put him in these situations. “Built-in energon refining used to be considered an attractive trait in a partner. Especially with this particular design. But they’re not ‘for interfacing,’” Optimus said.

“So, if they’re not a sex thing, why did you freak out like that?”

Optimus spluttered. How to explain... “Your breasts are...in a vulnerable place, since they’re behind your chest plates. And uh, being soft, some mechs considered them—” he spotted Megatron raising an optic ridge at him, amused now instead of angry. “That is, before the war breasts were a common sort of thing to *like*—”

“Prime, are you physically incapable of saying the word ‘fetish’ out loud?” Megatron smirked at

him with hooded, mocking optics.

“I can too say—”

Rodimus betrayed Optimus by snorting with laughter. “Okay, chill, so I can do that drinking thing without a ritual orgy or whatever?”

“I—Rodimus—”

“And the energon doesn’t give people visions, or anything weird?”

“What, no, of course not—”

“Okay, cool!” Rodimus bounced on his pedes in excitement. “Thanks guys, gotta go! Don’t forget we’ve got Team Bonding scheduled tonight!”

And before Optimus could stop him, the new Prime, chosen by the Matrix of Leadership itself, was racing down the corridor. Optimus decided not to think about what he might be running off to do.

Half to himself, Optimus said, “I don’t think I was ever that young.”

His companion made a noise of agreement and said, “You were probably instantiated with that stick up your aft.”

“Megatron!” Optimus said with a severe frown. “Like you’re one to talk!” Not exactly his best comeback.

But Megatron ignored his outrage, tapped rudely on his windshield, and said, “So, have you got a pair of those, Optimus?”

Optimus couldn’t help letting out another embarrassing screech of static.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Any plans on reviving those old—what did you call them? Sacred rituals?”

“No, Megatron, of course not.”

“Well, religion *is* the engex of the masses, but we could make it a unity thing, you understand. For the sake of peace, you might say. What does Rodimus call it? Team Bonding? I know at least one mech who would be very motivated to participate.” Megatron wagged his optic ridges suggestively. He was always making provocative little comments like that. It had only gotten worse since Optimus had come back to life, as if resurrection meant it was open season on mocking him. Optimus courageously ignored the implication.

“I’m not going to host some kind of orgy to improve inter-faction relations. Those sorts of ceremonies were sacred, and I take my responsibilities as Prime seriously. I won’t sully the frame of the Matrix bearer by using something that should be for the good of Cybertron for something trivial—” Optimus actually hadn’t ever participated, personally, in one of the ceremonies that would have involved his personal energon refineries. He hadn’t participated in many of the rituals of the Primacy at all. But he knew enough to know that if Megatron was suggesting it, it was probably a bad idea.

“Blah blah. Fine, Prime. Be that way.” Megatron pouted. But then he said, “If it’s about ‘the good of Cybertron’... Well, couldn’t there be a way to use this special feature of yours to help with our energon shortage?” For some reason, he winked.

“Uh,” was all Optimus could say.

Megatron smirked, probably making fun of him again somehow, and said, “Well then, we should be using all the resources at our disposal! Why don’t you let me examine them?”

“Megatron, what part of ‘sacred’ was unclear to you? Rodimus is ignorant, but I’m not just going to—going to casually open up for you.” Optimus couldn’t help thinking of a very different part of his anatomy when he said ‘open up.’ It was all Megatron’s fault for putting salacious ideas into his processor. “The frame of the Matrix bearer—”

Megatron interrupted him. “Mm. Speaking of that, what are you planning to do about Rodimus ‘Prime’ anyway?”

“I—nothing?”

“What—you’re just going to let him usurp your place without a fight?” Megatron looked confused by the concept.

“I—no? Yes? If the Matrix—”

“As if anyone cares who that thing lights up for. Don’t tell me you want to retire, Prime.”

Optimus frowned at the floor. He didn’t know what he wanted to do. He’d been brought back to life to help defeat one last existential threat, but...what now? By all accounts, Rodimus had even done a good job as the new Prime. He’d defeated *Unicron*—which easily topped most of Optimus’s achievements. Maybe they’d end up fighting the Decepticons again and he could make himself useful somehow. He said, “I would have thought you’d be glad to get rid of me. You’ve been trying to do it long enough.”

“Don’t be obtuse, Prime. Obviously I missed you.”

“I—you what?”

Megatron put his hands on his hips and made a face like he thought Optimus was stupid. “Are your language processors not working? I. Missed. You.”

Optimus reset his optics. “You—but why?”

Megatron made that ‘you idiot’ face again. “Because you were dead? Why else?”

“Because I was—”

But Megatron was bulldozing past him in the conversation again. “Well, if you aren’t planning to demand the Matrix back, then *these*,” he tapped on Optimus’s windshield again, very rudely, “aren’t ‘sacred’ anymore and you might as well put them to good use. Come, we’ll go to my quarters.”

And he grabbed Optimus’s arm like it was normal and not a bizarre thing to do and started marching them down the corridor.

“Why are we going to your quarters?” Optimus asked, since he hadn’t quite processed what putting his breasts ‘to good use’ might mean.

“My quarters are better than that closet you’ve been sleeping in. And I have engex.” Megatron raised his optic ridges as if to communicate something, but Optimus had no idea what. “Don’t you

remember? I suggested we continue our discussion in a more *private* venue—don't tell me that you got so distracted by Rodimus's little performance that you've forgotten."

"I—what?"

Megatron's hand on his arm shifted to his back as he sneered patronizingly. "Are in-built energon refineries something you *'like,'* Optimus?"

"What? No!"

"A particular fetish of yours?"

"*You* were the one who was—was *ogling* them. If anyone has a fetish, it's you!" Optimus still had Megatron's expression seared into his optic sensors: the way he'd stared so curiously at the two full, firm additions to Rodimus's frame, the way his optics had flickered and his mouth had hung slightly open—the way he'd been *shamelessly leering* like Optimus wasn't even there—

Megatron just laughed at him, still keeping one big, warm hand pressed to Optimus's lower back, and said, "A fair assumption. Still, I'm much more interested in *yours*." And for some inscrutable reason, Megatron winked. "Since it's ever so important that we have enough energon for everyone, of course."

That was only more confusing, but since it slightly implied that the truce was going to continue, Optimus didn't argue.

Optimus sent off a short comm message to Ratchet, since naturally their CMO would need to weigh in on any decision about the energon supply. ::Megatron wants to examine my breasts to see if there's any way they might help us with our energon difficulties. What do you think?::

He saw the shift in message status as it was received. Then there was a long pause as he and Megatron continued walking down the hall. A very long pause. Ratchet usually responded to comms promptly. Optimus hoped there hadn't been some kind of emergency.

But finally, Ratchet replied, ::Well, why not let him get a good, hard look at them, then? It can't hurt!::

Well, if Ratchet thought it might be helpful.

Optimus shivered, thinking of it. Just opening his chestplates like that, for Megatron to see?

Well, he'd already died once. What was the worst that could happen?

Suddenly, Megatron stopped, and Optimus realized they were at his quarters already. He averted his optics as Megatron punched in the code, and followed behind as Megatron strode in. He looked around curiously, but before he could really analyze Megatron's decorating style, he was pulled over to a side table. There were two glasses and an old-looking carafe of engex set out.

"A drink, Optimus?"

Optimus nodded absently as he looked around. There was a large couch, some cases of datapads, a desk, and an old wall hanging that Optimus had only just started examining when Megatron distracted him by handing him a glass.

"Thank you," Optimus said. Then Megatron put a hand on his back again and guided him to the couch. They sat down together.

Megatron raised his glass with a smirk and said, “To your return to the land of the living.”

Optimus smiled back, feeling off balance, and raised his glass in return.

They drank. The engex was surprisingly good, sweet and warm as Optimus swallowed. He wondered how old it was. No one was making anything like this anymore.

“It’s good,” Optimus said, feeling awkward.

Megatron, on the other hand, didn’t seem to be feeling any nervousness. Typical. He only looked silently at Optimus over the rim of his glass, exuding total confidence.

“So, you wanted to find out if my refineries might help with our energon issues?” Optimus tried. That seemed like the logical next-thing-to-say, anyway.

Megatron grinned and set his glass down on a nearby low table. “I do,” he purred. “Shall we take a look?”

Optimus hesitated, since he felt a little thrill of inappropriate excitement when he imagined following through, and that was just the sort of thing Megatron would mock him over if he ever somehow found out. But Megatron would probably mock him if he was too afraid to follow through just the same. So he shivered and said, “Yes.”

Without further fanfare, he transformed his chestplates away.

As they shifted aside, his breasts came into view. They almost bounced as they emerged and then settled into place, his nozzles pointing up proudly and the swell of protoform quivering after being released from confinement.

His breasts were a sedate silver, now flushed slightly lavender with the energon they carried. Two thin glowing lines curved down over the front of each, coming to rest at the edge of his nozzles. The dark and oh-so-soft silicone nubs stood out cheerfully.

Optimus flattered himself that they were fairly impressive. Even in comparison to Rodimus’s flashy red.

It had been a long time since even Optimus had looked at them. Ratchet checked them over every thousand years or so, and Optimus sometimes gave them a cursory clean in the washracks, but that was all.

Optimus had just lifted his gaze to learn Megatron’s reaction, when said mech shifted closer and brushed his fingertips over the side of one breast. Megatron was looking at his chest with intense focus, but he twitched his optics up to give Optimus a quizzical glance.

Optimus nodded at him.

Then Megatron’s hands were really on him. He slid both palms under Optimus’s breasts in a long caress, then lifted them up until they were pressed together. He tested their weight with little bounces, making them wobble and sway up and down.

Megatron’s giant, warm palms slid around the curve of his breasts, until they brushed over his nozzles and enveloped them. Soft and supple, the heavy globes almost slipped out of his grasp. The light touches felt strangely intimate and intense. He ought to have expected that, since all protoform was sensitive. It took him a lot of effort not to shiver again.

Megatron squeezed them, very carefully.

Optimus tried resolutely to stay calm and avoid any inappropriate reactions.

Then, Megatron let one of his hands slide gently back, nearly releasing the soft breast completely—except he took hold of the nozzle instead. Holding it between his thumb and forefinger, he stroked the pliant, sensitive nozzle, and Optimus felt his optics go wide. Concentrating attentively, Megatron pinched it.

The resulting sensation was so unexpectedly strong that Optimus had to frantically engage the manual shut off for his fans.

Megatron *rolled* the nozzle between his fingers, which only made things worse for Optimus. The sensation was shockingly erotic. If Megatron found out he was reacting in such an embarrassing way—

When Megatron did it again, Optimus made a little helpless noise. His nemesis leaned in closer and whispered, “Do you know how long I’ve been waiting for this moment, Optimus?”

Not that that made any sense. Still, he was impressed that Megatron felt so passionately about improving their energon situation.

And then, Megatron came even closer, still stroking a nozzle slowly with his thumb and keeping a hand gently squeezing Optimus’s other breast. In Optimus’s defense, the whole situation was highly distracting, which was why he didn’t move away sooner when Megatron—when Megatron licked his battlemask in a long, lewd imitation of a kiss.

Optimus jerked back, and nearly shouted, “What are you doing?”

Megatron froze, frowning. “I’m kissing you? I admit it’s a challenge when you’re keeping that mask up—”

That made no sense at all.

“But why would you kiss me?” Optimus registered that he was venting heavily now, through his mouth in gasps since his fans were still manually shut off.

Megatron made that ‘how stupid can you really be’ look, yet again, and said slowly, “It’s something mecha like to do before interfacing?”

“What?” Optimus heard his voice wobbling into a static trill on that word.

Megatron frowned again. “You have kissed someone before, haven’t you?”

“I—what—yes, of course, but we—we aren’t *interfacing*,” Optimus said. His processor was so turned around that he wondered inanely if Megatron had mistaken him for someone else.

Immediately, Megatron drew his hands back, as if he’d been burned. The cold air after all the soft, warm touches almost hurt on his protoform. At the strange look on Megatron’s face, Optimus covered his chest with his hands and tucked his breasts back behind swiftly transforming chestplates. Megatron tilted his head, optics wide and very still, and said, “I was under the impression that we were going to.”

Then he stood up from the couch and went all the way to the other side of the room in one unbroken motion, grabbing his glass of engex on the way and taking a big gulp of it.

“You—I don’t understand. Why would you think that?” Optimus stood up too, half intending to follow him before he realized what he was doing.

Megatron visibly bristled. “You accepted my invitation!”

“What invitation?”

Megatron looked positively enraged now. “What did you *think* I meant when I asked you back to my quarters for ‘some privacy’? That I wanted to ‘privately’ discuss the staff schedule?!” he bit out.

“You—you wanted to—” Optimus broke off when he realized the rest of that sentence was ‘you wanted to look at my breasts.’ “Oh,” he said. And then, “You want to interface with *me*?”

Megatron threw back his glass of engex in one long swallow. Twisting his mouth, he said, “Obviously.”

“But you wanted Rodimus just now, you don’t want me—”

Megatron growled menacingly at him. “How could you possibly—with the number of times I’ve propositioned you in the past thousand years alone, how could you possibly think I didn’t—”

“But you haven’t ever propositioned me!” Optimus protested. He was sure he would know if that had happened. He would have remembered something like that. He would have *dreamed* about something like that. “I would have noticed!”

“Well congratulations, you’re an idiot.” Megatron turned his back on him then, like Optimus didn’t even register as a threat, which was horrible, and started pouring himself another glass of engex. A much larger glass. “Now, I think this evening has been humiliating enough already. You can find the door on your own.”

Megatron—*Megatron* wanted him?

And he must have planned for this—the two glasses and the carafe had already been set out when they’d come in. Had Megatron really invited him into his quarters for a glass of engex and a night of interfacing?

“Why would I do that?” Optimus asked, dazed. Behind his closed chestplates, he could still feel one of his nozzles tingling where Megatron had pinched it.

Megatron froze halfway through putting the bottle down on the table. He set it down very slowly, and then very slowly turned around. There was a familiar look in his optics that Optimus couldn’t quite place. It burned into him.

“Because we’ve had a misunderstanding about the purpose of this visit, and now you want to leave,” Megatron said, intent.

“I don’t want to leave,” Optimus said. His processor was still struggling with the very concept of what Megatron supposedly was offering in the first place. But still he said again, “I don’t want to leave.”

Megatron’s optics narrowed further, and then Optimus recognized the expression. Megatron had spotted a weakness. He had sighted his prey, and his prey was Optimus, and his nemesis might just eat him right up.

“What *do* you want, Optimus?” Megatron said in a low, purring rumble that felt like it shot straight

to Optimus's array.

He shivered.

Megatron stalked towards him, every inch a predator. Optimus didn't move.

Could he really do this? If he did, would Megatron touch him again? Would Megatron touch him like before, cupping his breasts in both hands and stroking him and pinching him and making him feel...Optimus couldn't stop his fans from spinning up audibly this time, thinking about it and watching Megatron come closer. And then, would Megatron touch him in other ways? In other places? Would Megatron want to kiss him again?

Megatron had reached him, and he reached out and held Optimus's chin still with two fingers, looking totally in control. "Well?" he asked.

Optimus responded with static, and Megatron grinned.

"Say it, Optimus."

"Say what?" He tried not to shiver. Megatron was right there. He could touch him if he dared.

"Admit that you want me."

Optimus didn't hesitate. How could he, when half his processor was taken up with staring as Megatron's mouth formed each word and wondering what else he might do with those lips. "I want you," he confessed breathlessly.

Megatron's engine revved, hard, and he leaned in closer, tugging on Optimus's jaw. "Do you want this?" he asked.

Half expecting to wake up from a dream any moment, Optimus said in a strong voice, "I want this."

Megatron's optics flashed and he smiled briefly, leaning in until his nose almost brushed the battlemask. And Optimus remembered that Megatron had wanted to kiss him—*Megatron* had wanted to kiss him—and he transformed the mask away. His vents hitched and he shut his optics and licked his lips and braced himself for—for being shoved against the wall and *ravished*—

But that wasn't what happened at all.

Megatron drew him in and brushed a delicately gentle kiss over his lips.

Then he licked boldly over Optimus's lower lip, and Optimus couldn't help but respond, parting his lips on a groan and slotting their mouths together. Optimus hardly noticed as Megatron's hands went to his waist and he slowly walked him back across the room, he was so completely absorbed in the intoxicating sensation of *kissing Megatron*.

Optimus made a questioning noise, but he couldn't bear to break the kiss long enough to speak. Every time they lost contact he was pushing in for more with embarrassing neediness, desperate for another sweet, soft slide of contact over his suddenly hypersensitive mouth. And then Megatron cruelly stepped back. Optimus protested with another wordless noise, reaching for him, but Megatron just smiled and stroked a single wildly teasing finger down the seam of Optimus's chest. "Open this again, and get on the berth."

And Optimus realized they were in the berthroom now. Megatron's berthroom, and when he looked, there was Megatron's berth.

“Oh,” he said. “Yes.”

He moved over to it like he was in a dream, and sat down on the edge.

Optimus didn't know what to do with himself after that. Lay down? Stay sitting up? Pose provocatively? And when he thought about revealing his chest again he was almost paralyzed with self-consciousness. He'd been shy before, of course, but the context was entirely different now. Megatron was going to look at his breasts—really look at them. Megatron was going stare and ogle and think of interfacing. And it didn't matter that he'd already seen them, it didn't even matter that Megatron had already stared at his breasts in just that way already, since Optimus had thought he'd been thinking of something very different. Optimus hoped Megatron would like them. Actually, Optimus hoped Megatron would become aroused looking at them, and the desire to find out if that might happen overcame his shyness and he transformed his protective armor away for the second time that evening.

Megatron smirked at him, looking pleased.

Experimentally, Optimus put his own hands under his breasts and lifted and pressed them together. Megatron's lips parted as he stared. Optimus felt a rush of pride and triumph. Megatron was responding this way because of him, because of what he was doing.

Megatron approached him, and leaned down to steal another kiss. Then he nudged Optimus's legs apart and sank with unexpected grace down to his knees at the foot of the berth. His smirking face was just level with Optimus's chest.

He replaced Optimus's hands with his own, and leaned down until his face was nearly between the two heavy breasts.

Slowly, looking up at his face, Megatron kissed the curve of one, then the other. Optimus could see the way the plush softness of his breast dipped under even that light pressure. He rubbed his face indulgently along the swell of one supple globe.

And then—then there was Megatron's tongue. He lingered over a long, wet drag over soft protoform and once his tongue retreated, he flashed Optimus a hungry grin.

Optimus had the disconnected thought that of all things, this was one place and one way Megatron had never touched him before. At some point, Megatron had touched almost his entire frame. From his finials to his feet. Even his face, that time when Megatron had ripped his mask off and gotten his fingers bitten for his trouble. And Optimus had been just as thorough. For a while that had even been on purpose, as he tried systematically to find weaknesses.

But Optimus had never been touched by Megatron's tongue before. And almost no one had ever touched his vulnerable breasts. His array pinged him, throbbing, and he remembered one other place Megatron's hands had never been.

Overwhelmed by his own thoughts and the strange, slowly building tide of sensation, Optimus didn't notice that Megatron's mouth was closing around one of his nozzles until it was happening.

“Oh!” he nearly shouted.

The sensation wasn't even that intense, not really, it was just so completely new. There was a soft, gentle pressure dancing around the tiny circle of sensor-rich silicone. It took Optimus a dazed moment to realize he was feeling Megatron's tongue, again.

He wasn't sure, but he didn't think the old rituals the Temple used to put on had been—had been so

decadent about it. He thought it must have been about the energon itself and about the life-giving nature of Primus, not about—feeling like *this*. Not that he knew what those rituals had been like.

Megatron sucked, and Optimus bleated static.

He could—he could feel—it felt so different from when he'd siphoned energon from them himself, just using his fingers. That had been annoying, tedious, even uncomfortable. This was not uncomfortable at all.

He could feel the change in internal pressure, the hot flow of energon approaching his nozzle and being drawn out—sucked out, fed into Megatron's warm mouth. Megatron's optics brightened and then shuttered as it happened, almost like he was surprised to find that there was actually energon in Optimus's supplemental tanks. He suckled there for several moments, in peaceful, rhythmic pulses. Then Megatron released the nozzle with a sigh, and Optimus could see the bright glow of energon glistening on his tongue before he closed his mouth and swallowed.

Optimus sighed too, looking down at him.

There was a long silent moment, and Optimus could see the shifting of Megatron's neck, the slight movements of his jaw, the delicate way he licked his lips. Savoring. Then twin bright red stars flicked on and met Optimus's optics.

"Delicious," Megatron purred. "Now that I've had my treat," he kissed one nozzle slowly, "is there anything *you* want, Optimus?"

Not expecting the question, he replied without thinking. "I want to see—" Optimus broke off. But Megatron had caught the scent of vulnerability, and he wasn't about to let it go.

"Oh? Are you harboring some undisclosed desire?" Megatron had this awful expression on his face, like he was gleefully determined to embarrass Optimus as much as possible. Optimus wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. But refusing to say something would only make it worse, and anyway, Optimus had never been a coward. He would never flinch from a fight with Megatron. If this even was a fight—

"I want to see your spike," Optimus said defiantly.

Megatron looked gratifyingly stunned by this announcement for several moments. Recovering his wits, he stole another deep kiss from Optimus and then stood up. This put his impressive pelvic block right at optic-level, which was exactly what Optimus wanted. Megatron palmed the big black panel in a display that Optimus fought not to find appealing.

Trying to keep his cool, Optimus said archly, "Well? Are you going to show me or not?"

Megatron chuckled and, typically unable to resist a challenge, the protective armor of his pelvis slid aside letting his spike pressurize up into his hand.

Optimus didn't respond. He was too busy staring. It was the sort of thing that, until it was happening, he hadn't quite believed would happen at all. *Megatron's spike*. He could have reached out and touched it. It wasn't in any way strange or monstrous like he may or may not have imagined it would be. It was just a spike. A very nice spike. A very proportional spike. Mostly undecorated, it was a simple silver and somehow that made it more impressive. Many mechs chose mods or paint that emphasized shape and texture and size, but Megatron had obviously thought with his characteristic arrogance that such tricks were for lesser Cybertronians. Unfortunately, he was right. At least by Optimus's estimate. It protruded from Megatron's spike housing like a

monolith. Very thick. A slight curve and some nice-looking ridges completed the attractive presentation.

Optimus more or less forgot about his own array entirely. It was as if his processor was so absorbed in just staring that he couldn't consider anything else. Megatron palmed the spike in one big hand and gave it a slow stroke. A tantalizing glimmer of transfluid appeared at the tip.

"Oh," Optimus said.

Megatron huffed a laugh. "See something you like, Prime?"

He did like it. He liked it very much. Optimus coughed, embarrassed, and tried to get his wits back into something like order. He was Optimus Prime, leader of the Autobots—well, sort of, things were a little unclear—but what mattered was that he'd always given as good as he'd got when it came to Megatron. He could match him jab for jab. Standing his ground, defiant for millions of years, he was just as resolute, just as intractable. Optimus was a veritable expert on keeping Megatron on his toes! So, he refused to be the only one overwhelmed by this encounter.

With rash boldness, Optimus met his opponent's optics and spoke. "I've heard that these," he hefted his own breasts and stroked them emphatically, "can feel good squeezed around a thrusting spike."

Megatron gaped at him. His mouth opened and closed, twice, like he was trying to speak but his processor refused to queue up any words, and his engine audibly lurched into a higher gear. Optimus couldn't help grinning in triumph.

After that, Optimus's self-consciousness got swept away by Megatron's passion and his own delight. Before he knew it he was kneeling at the foot of the bed with Megatron half-crouched over him and rubbing that delicious spike all over his soft, round breasts.

He still couldn't begin to feel self-conscious then, since Megatron was trembling against him and letting out breathless grunts with each thrust. It was very distracting. And the thick spike was rubbing little smears of the transfluid that beaded up at the tip all over his breasts. It shined mesmerizingly on his protoform when Optimus looked down.

Just as Optimus was considering being very daring and darting his tongue out to lick some of it up, there was a noise.

It was a voice.

It was a voice in Megatron's front room.

A familiar voice was saying, "Come on, you old spoilsport, you can't get out of Team Bonding just because you're feeling cranky again. Even Soundwave showed up this time! Sure, he's sitting in a corner of the rec room in freaky silence, but still—"

There was the sound of the door opening and the voice broke off.

Optimus's whole frame had locked up in abject horror. There wasn't time to move, or even close up, and Megatron's spike was just right there, nestled between Optimus's exposed breasts—

"Hoo-wah!" said Rodimus.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Interesting team-building technique you’ve got there.”

“Interesting team-building technique you’ve got there.”

Optimus still physically could not speak, but when he flinched, battlemask shooting up, and tried to move away, Megatron swooped down on him. He was hauled to his feet by absurdly strong arms and embraced tightly.

At first, this seemed inexplicable, but then he realized—his breasts squeezed tightly against the broad chest, and a hot spike pressing against his hip, that no one would be able to really get a good look at what either of them had exposed from that position. Not like that made any of it much better.

In one fleeting glance over Megatron’s shoulder, Optimus saw the glitter of red and gold and the flabbergasted look on Rodimus Prime’s face. He didn’t look again, preferring instead to duck his face against Megatron’s neck in despair.

“Rodimus,” Megatron growled, and he twisted his torso part of the way around so he could look at the other Prime in the doorway. “Leave. Now.”

Rodimus laughed and said, “What position even is that?”

Megatron’s answering roar of rage only prompted another chuckle. But the rising whine of his fusion cannon charging up did have an effect.

“Woah there! Yepp, I’m going, I’m going. You guys continue! Heh, I’ve always said Optimus needed to get his—”

“GET OUT!” Megatron bellowed.

Finally, Rodimus did make a rush for the door. Optimus could hear his footsteps. He was back in the front room, and no doubt part of the way out the front door, when he yelled back one last quip, “Have fun! Use protection!”

Optimus groaned, horrified.

After he heard the distant sound of the door whooshing shut, Optimus sagged in Megatron’s arms. At least, until he realized what he was doing. Then Optimus shifted back, straightening. He stepped out of the embrace, ignoring the brush of Megatron’s still-hard spike against his thigh, and moved to tuck his breasts gently back behind his chestplates.

Megatron reached for him, but he shifted away.

“Come, Optimus. Don’t tell me that idiot has really upset you. I’ll bar the door instead of just locking it this time—”

“Megatron,” Optimus said. “I don’t want to just be—to just be some substitute.”

“What?”

Optimus turned away. “I know you want *him*. I saw the way you looked at him, before.”

“What? Who?”

“Rodimus!” Optimus shot back. He had seen the way Megatron had been ogling him so shamelessly. The gleeful delight on his face when he saw Rodimus’s breasts spill out. Or maybe it wasn’t even about Rodimus, maybe Megatron just thought he had a better chance of indulging this breast fetish with Optimus instead, which wasn’t much better. But then there were all the strange things between them that Optimus didn’t understand—Rodimus feeling comfortable enough to shove Megatron? To use his override code to enter his quarters? He’d thought it was sheer recklessness, but what if—

“Have you lost your mind, Prime?”

“No! I saw it. You didn’t suggest that we—that we interface until after you’d seen his breasts.” Optimus wasn’t sure what was worse: realizing that he’d been about to interface with Megatron, or realizing that he wasn’t going to *get* to interface with Megatron.

Megatron grabbed him suddenly by one shoulder and spun him around. “Has death scrambled your processor? They assured us that your mind was intact—”

“Just admit that Rodimus is the Prime you really want!” Optimus blurted out angrily.

Megatron growled and shook him by the shoulders. “I had no idea you were so stupid. What would I want with some flimsy speedster?”

Optimus just stared at him. Was that supposed to be a joke? Rodimus was a van now, first of all. He was still on the small side, but not—and anyway, everyone knew speedsters were considered very—

“He evidently thinks he can just barge into your quarters!” Optimus protested.

“Rodimus Prime is over-familiar with everyone.”

“You aren’t ‘everyone,’” Optimus said, inanely.

Megatron growled in frustration. “He has this idea that since we saved the universe together, we must now be ‘friends.’”

“Well, he isn’t even a speedster anymore, he’s a van—”

“I don’t care what he is, I wouldn’t have bothered with that upstart even when you were gone forever,” Megatron boomed, “but especially now that you are here, alive, your indomitable will undiminished and your frame still huge and powerful and strong, and us mere hours from the field of our triumphant victory—how can you imagine that I would want another?”

“Oh,” Optimus said.

Firmly but carefully, Megatron took Optimus’s face in his hands and purred, “I lust for you like I lust for power! How can I convince you?”

Optimus said nothing, staring, and feeling himself heating up inside at those words despite himself.

“Shall I call him back and reject him in front of you? Would that be proof enough? Shall I march into that silly event and make an announcement before all our gathered soldiers? Don’t think I won’t do it!” Megatron announced defiantly.

“Oh, no, I don’t need—” Optimus protested, even though imagining that scene thrilled him a little more than it should.

With insistent menace and unmistakable lust, Megatron growled, “If you don’t want further proof, then just let me have you!”

“Asdjfwe,” Optimus said. Half unintentionally, Optimus snapped open his battlemask and shuttered his optics.

And then they were kissing.

After more than one intoxicating minute of sweet pressure against his lips, Optimus forced himself to pull away. “You want me?” he said, gasping.

Megatron grumbled irritably when Optimus wouldn’t let him steal another kiss. But soon he smirked. “Yes! I do. Get on the berth, and I’ll show you how much,” he whispered.

Optimus had already crawled onto the berth by the time he thought of hesitating.

He turned, propping himself up on his elbows and looking up at Megatron. He tapped his own chestplate. “Should I open this?”

Megatron shrugged, putting one knee onto the edge of the berth. “If you like. I enjoy them very much,” he said, leering, “but I would desire you just the same either way.”

“Oh,” Optimus breathed. Megatron put his hands on either side of Optimus’s legs and began to crawl over him. The heat of his systems warmed the air between them.

“Would *you* like us to play with them again?” Megatron murmured, bringing their faces close and bracketing Optimus’s whole body with his massive shoulders.

Optimus thought of the mysterious new sensations he’d experienced, and then of the stunned look they’d put on Megatron’s face, and he nodded. He opened his chest plates. Barely able to resist the urge to cross his arms over his chest, Optimus instead just squeezed his big soft breasts between his upper arms, hoping that the framing made an attractive picture.

Megatron smiled, and leaned down to kiss first one, then the other.

He settled down, resting half on top of Optimus with a very satisfying pressure, and applied himself more assiduously to paying attention to Optimus’s breasts. Optimus took the opportunity to do some groping of his own, running his hands over Megatron’s shoulders and back and finding handholds and sensitive places that made Megatron’s engine rev.

As Megatron bent to put his mouth on Optimus’s nozzles, he said, “You should know, dear Optimus, that I’m not going to waste this opportunity. I’m going to take my time,” he paused to suckle at one aching nozzle and swallowed decadently, “I’m going to explore you ever so thoroughly,” another generous suck that sent energon spilling into his mouth, “and I’m going to make this last.”

That was—that was very good. Optimus moaned and squirmed more from the words than the physical sensation.

Megatron seemed to find his reaction amusing. He stopped his ministrations and grinned mischievously, saying, “So, Prime, how does this compare to your Temple-approved orgies?”

Optimus chuckled in surprise, thinking of it. “I don’t actually know. I never attended one.”

Megatron looked confused for a moment. “You don’t even know what they were like?” he asked.

“No,” Optimus said, laughing at himself. “I know there *were* rituals, but I’ve barely even touched my breasts myself, nevermind using them in some public ritual.”

Megatron stared at him.

“Optimus,” he said slowly, running a big palm over the curve of one breast, “do you mean to tell me that this is the first time you’ve ever done something like this?”

“Well, yes,” Optimus replied. He didn’t understand why that was important, but the information certainly seemed to be having an effect on Megatron. He asked, “Do *you* know anything about what those rituals were like?”

“Heh. Only ridiculously outlandish rumors, I’m afraid,” Megatron said, looking thoughtful. He pressed an absent-minded kiss on one of Optimus’s breasts. “I didn’t believe most of them.” Slowly, he continued, “When I was young—and you’ll know how long ago that was—there was a cave-in. There were seven of us there together. One mech had refinery tanks like yours, and after the first few days he offered to share. He didn’t have to. They were digging us out, and we could have gone weeks longer without energon. But it kept the pain of hunger at bay. After we were dug out, the group was very close. It was explained to me that fueling from someone’s breast was considered a great intimacy. A gift reserved for deep friendships.”

Megatron fell silent, optics unfocused. Optimus was just drawing breath to ask a question, when he resumed speaking. “In the following thousand years, breast refineries became an increasingly uncommon frame design for miners. They were even more rare once I got to the surface. Very exotic.” And on that word he wiggled his optic ridges meaningfully. “Considered a fantasy mod. Hence the rumors. So as much as I enjoy imagining the opposite,” Megatron nipped gently on the soft protoform next to his face, “anything the Primes used to do with them was probably more ‘spiritual’ than titillating.”

“Ah,” Optimus said. He looked thoughtfully at Megatron for a moment and said, “So, have *you* ever been in this position before? In the titillating sense, that is?”

Megatron laughed, “I confess, I’ve only read about it. Unsatisfied with my performance, Prime?”

Optimus tried not to blush. Then he wriggled his hips where they were pressed against the hot, thick spike they’d both been ignoring. “I didn’t think you had ‘performed’ yet,” he said in a low rumble.

Megatron’s optics darkened and narrowed, and he smiled the menacing, threatening smile that Optimus had always berated himself for finding so attractive. That smile was bad, very bad, and it heralded bad things, and it never meant that Megatron wanted—well. Today, it did mean that. It meant all the naughty, intent, lustful things Optimus could imagine.

“Before my ‘performance,’” Megatron said, rocking his hips pointedly, “I have other plans for you.” And he licked the glowing biolight line on the top of Optimus’s right breast with the tip of his tongue. Optimus bit his lip on a whimper, and said, “Oh?”

Which was how Optimus found himself sitting up, leaning his back against Megatron's chest, his legs spread wide and held open by Megatron's knees.

"Please what?" Megatron said.

Optimus's valve was exposed and open to the cool air and his spike recessed, since that had seemed the easiest way to let Megatron know what he wanted when he'd been asked to open up. Now Megatron's hand was working masterfully between Optimus's legs. His arm was pressed authoritatively across Optimus's breasts, and each new unbearable wave of pleasure made Optimus squirm and whimper.

"Please spike me," Optimus gasped, shutting his optics tight, hardly believing he'd just said that.

But Megatron hummed and said, "No."

Optimus felt like he was falling for a moment as his emotional subsystem sent feedback through his sensor net. "I thought—you mean you don't want—"

"That is to say, 'not yet,'" Megatron purred in his audial. "Don't you want to overload, Optimus?"

And Megatron's blessed fingers rubbed him at that exact perfect spot again and Optimus moaned as another rush of pleasure made him writhe. "Yes," he tried to say, "but your spike, I want—"

"Your eagerness for me makes my spike ache and my valve tighten," he growled. "I will give you what you crave, never fear. But this first."

Optimus tried to protest—he didn't *crave* Megatron's spike...exactly—but those talented fingers were rubbing and caressing and playing with his nub just right, and his words dissolved into a moan.

"Yes, just like that, dear Optimus." Megatron's voice rumbled against his back. He sounded tense, almost like he was matching Optimus for desperation. "You are going to overload for me, aren't you? Then I'll let you have my spike. When I take you, I want your valve to be swollen and soaked with your lust. I want to feel your tight channel twitching around my spike in aftershocks of pleasure as you twist and writhe beneath me."

Oh. He wanted—he was going to—

Optimus choked and locked up as he tumbled into overload, arching his whole body, but Megatron's fingers stayed with him, following as he moved. They rubbed him so perfectly, and pleasure spread from the tight, throbbing button of heat and need that was his node until even the echoes of Megatron's voice in his processor were overwhelmed by his overload.

When Optimus recovered his senses, Megatron was dipping his fingers gently inside him and spreading the slick over his valve.

"Nnngh," Optimus said.

Megatron chuckled low in his audial, and started to move. Optimus whined at the loss of soothing heat from Megatron's frame pressed against his back.

The big mech couldn't be graceful about changing positions: laboriously drawing his legs back and

then lifting Optimus so he could edge out from behind him. By the time Megatron had managed to get in front of him again, Optimus was smiling.

It occurred to him that Megatron could have performed the maneuver much faster—he'd seen Megatron contort himself out of plenty of grapples and tight spots in combat. His sheer strength alone could accomplish fast movement, whatever the obstacles. Optimus thought with strange fondness of the many times he'd been bodily thrown in one direction or another by the mech. Apparently, Megatron thought it would be rude to throw a berth partner around in the same way. Optimus was touched. He was also a little curious what it would be like to have Megatron's full strength turned on him in this new arena.

Optimus obligingly spread his legs as Megatron moved over him. That earned him a vicious, thrilling smirk. Optimus stroked over Megatron's shoulders and arms with both hands, expecting at any moment the hard pressure of a spike against his valve rim. But no pressure came. He looked down between their bodies, past the swell of his breasts, and saw the heavy, waiting spike mere inches from his valve.

Optimus began to frown. "What are you waiting for?" he asked, squirming.

Megatron's smirk broadened. "Ask me for it again."

Optimus groaned, "Isn't once enough? Just hurry up, you slagger!"

"Oh, my dear Optimus, what a romantic you are." Megatron's grin was only getting worse, and Optimus rocked his hips against empty air. "I know you can do better than that."

"Megatron," Optimus growled and got a clenching grip on Megatron's shoulders. "If you don't spike me right now, I will flip us over and do it myself!"

"Ha!" Megatron laughed. "As if you could!"

"Don't think I won't!" Optimus let his engine spin up and tightened the grip of his hands in an implicit threat. He began to plot out how he could flip them without damaging anything sensitive on his berth partner. It wasn't like he hadn't grappled with Megatron a thousand times before. It was just that this time, he would roll them over, then straddle Megatron, and then impale himself on Megatron's spike and ride him until—

But Megatron just laughed again. "Well, I suppose threatening me is close enough!" And just like that, Megatron snapped his hips forward and slid the tip of his spike just inside Optimus's valve. The sensation, so long delayed, left Optimus speechless, and he turned his face away, venting hard. One more thrust, and Megatron's spike had plowed into him completely.

"Oh," Optimus gasped.

Similarly stunned, Megatron's mouth had gone slack as he looked wonderingly down at Optimus, as if he'd forgotten that this act would bring himself pleasure, too. Megatron rocked his hips very lightly, and Optimus moaned and held tighter to his shoulders, pressing his still-exposed breasts against the hard plane of Megatron's chestplate. Megatron rocked again, harder. Looking down at Optimus with an expression of confusion and almost pained lust, Megatron murmured, "I'm—I'm inside you, we're really—I get to—" before his voice broke on a moan.

When Optimus answered him in a wordless whine, Megatron adjusted his position for better leverage, his two big hands planted firmly on either side of Optimus's shoulders, and redoubled his efforts. Each powerful, solid thrust of his hips sent Optimus reeling all over again. Again and

again, each thrust dragged the surface of the spike over sensitive, well-primed mesh and internal nodes in building shocks of pleasure. His full, round breasts wobbled and bounced with each punishing thrust, their small nozzles waving in the air. Megatron groaned with lust as he watched them.

Megatron managed to choke out a complete sentence. “I’m afraid this is going to be over a little sooner than I planned,” he said.

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem,” Optimus tried to say between gasps. He wasn’t far from the edge either, especially since Megatron had spent so much time driving him incoherent already. Even thinking of what Megatron had done to his node with his fingers made Optimus shiver and writhe. And he couldn’t resist tightening down over and over on the hot spike, testing the implacable hardness of the thick, charged rod Megatron was wielding so expertly.

Megatron frowned deeply and his oh-so-forceful thrusts started to stutter and go a bit wild. “Oh,” Megatron said, and then, “You feel so—Optimus—”

The way Megatron looked and sounded—the way he said his name!—was better than Optimus had ever imagined. A little frantic, Optimus reluctantly let go of one of Megatron’s shoulders and reached one hand between their bodies as best he could and rubbed roughly at his swollen little node himself.

With a growl and a look of visible effort, Megatron got control of himself. Still pistonning in with unrelenting force, he shifted his weight onto one hand and groped at one of Optimus’s breasts. Tweaking the sensitive nozzle, he asked in a flood of static, “Yes?”

“Yes—yes, Megatron,” Optimus replied, half not knowing what he was saying. The tight, intense pressure on his node and the exquisite drag and thrust of Megatron’s spike—plus the strange, good way his nozzles ached when Megatron played with them like that—were all combining into a tide of sensation that was spreading through his whole body. He stared up Megatron’s intense face and desperately wanted to know what Megatron would look like when he overloaded— “Yes! Please, I want to see it, I want to see you—I want you to—”

Optimus wasn’t sure if he’d made himself understood, but then with an agonized groan, focused effort was replaced by desperate, vulnerable ecstasy on Megatron’s face. Optimus couldn’t look away. As Megatron’s optics squeezed shut, the fingers pinching Optimus’s nozzle tightened their grip. It hurt, but it also didn’t hurt, and suddenly, like the intense sensation had to ground itself somewhere, his node bloomed to life under his own fingers, and there was an even stronger, glittering ache in his valve with each of Megatron’s last frenzied thrusts, and then Optimus was overloading too.

If he’d been less euphoric and more aware of what he was doing, Optimus might have felt embarrassed by how greedily his hips rocked up against Megatron’s through the last of his overload as he chased the sensation.

“My dear Optimus, I can’t believe you thought I would prefer that little upstart to you,” Megatron said later.

They hadn’t moved from the berth yet. Optimus felt surprisingly comfortable, trapped as he was by

one of Megatron's arms wrapped possessively around his waist. He was pretty sure he'd made a fool of himself after they'd disengaged—mostly by insisting on sharing soft kisses and looking adoringly into Megatron's optics.

Though, Megatron hadn't seemed to mind.

Optimus smiled and said, "You've thoroughly convinced me by this point."

Megatron chuckled, a sound that reverberated pleasantly through his chassis where Optimus was pressed against it. "I should hope so. But tell me—you really never knew?"

"Knew what?"

"How much I wanted to thoroughly debauch you, of course."

Optimus blushed—absurd after everything they'd just done, but there was something that was still so thrilling about the idea of Megatron wanting *him*—and said, "I don't see why you think it was so obvious."

"Not even that time when we were trapped underground and you were stuck in my lap and I was whispering all of those extremely specific suggestions into your audial—"

"You were serious about those?" Optimus half shouted.

"Ah, so you do remember," Megatron laughed again, and leaned over him. "By that point I was trying to be obvious," he said. "What did you think I was trying to do, if not get you to open your panels?"

Optimus twisted out of his hold and covered his face with his hands. It did sound pretty clear when Megatron described it that way. "I thought you were trying to provoke me. Get me off balance," he said, muffled.

"That was just a bonus," Megatron replied, his grin clearly audible.

Optimus looked up again, glaring. At least he hadn't been wrong about Megatron having an ulterior motive of some kind. But then annoyance dissipated as he remembered that particular incident, and he said, "You mean you would really want to do that thing that you, uh, described, the thing with the—" Optimus cleared his vocalizer. "That if I let you in you would—"

Megatron interrupted him with a lascivious purr, "You mean when I said that if you'd let me ravish you, that I'd happily choke on your spike?" Without warning, Megatron shifted them and lifted up so he was covering Optimus's frame again. "I got a lovely reaction out of that line, if I remember correctly. Have you been thinking about it all this time?"

"No," Optimus lied, badly, and Megatron chuckled.

"To answer your question," he rumbled with awful smugness, "Yes, I would really want to do 'that thing.'"

Optimus grumbled something unintelligible in response, trying to hold back a thrilled smile.

Megatron let more of his weight resting on Optimus, sinking lower and letting his chest brush over the still-exposed breasts. He murmured, "And did you know, we can do 'that thing' whenever we like. In fact, I want to bring every illicit fantasy you've been harboring to life."

And Megatron leaned in further until their lips met, and the pithy response Optimus had been trying to come up with was forgotten. For a long moment, they were both lost in the enjoyment of their lips pressing delicately together. Optimus broke the kiss by turning his head to the side and taking a breath.

“How long, exactly...” but Optimus trailed off. In the past hour Megatron’s voice had been quiet and simply pleased in a way Optimus wasn’t sure he’d ever heard before—he seemed so relaxed, so easy, that Optimus decided to push his luck. “Have you really been trying to get me into your berth all this time? And in earnest, I mean, not just trying to provoke me?”

Optimus may have been blind, but he wasn’t that blind. He knew that Megatron had just been trying to get a rise out of him at least some of the time.

Megatron looked thoughtful. “I’m not sure. At first it was mostly a game. I’m not sure when I realized that I would do more than just fantasize about you, if given the chance.”

Still curious, Optimus asked, “But why did you keep trying? Since I never responded to your advances.”

“But you did respond,” Megatron said with a significant look. He tried to move in for another kiss, but Optimus evaded him.

“No I didn’t,” Optimus protested.

“What, all those blushes? All those times I felt your frame heat up? The way you’d listen attentively whenever I said anything remotely salacious? And besides, I’ve seen you staring at my aft,” Megatron said with infuriating confidence. It was especially infuriating because he wasn’t wrong. Optimus thought he’d been discreet about that little habit, too. “You would do it all the time. You must know by now that if I need to distract you for an instant I simply bend over?” From Megatron’s smirking expression, Optimus hoped this was mostly a joke.

Then Megatron became more serious. He continued, “But no, I knew you weren’t likely to take me up on it. I think I mostly enjoyed seeing you get flustered.”

“What changed then?”

“Hm?” Megatron asked, from where he’d descended to nibble on Optimus’s neck.

“You planned this—you know, this evening. You must have thought there was a chance. What changed?”

Megatron lifted his head up, looking properly serious now. “You died,” he said simply. “You died, and then there were no more chances.”

Optimus felt his optics go very wide. That response had never occurred to him.

“But you came back.” Megatron shifted on top of him, bringing their bodies closer together, and touching Optimus’s cheek gently with one hand. “And I wasn’t fool enough to waste my second chance.”

“Oh,” Optimus said softly, staring like an idiot. “You missed me.”

“You were paying attention,” Megatron said, all sardonic, but there was a smile pulling at the corners of his mouth.

Then Megatron kissed him again, soft and slow, and Optimus thought he might melt with happiness.

Some time later, when Optimus's processor was all tingly and languorous from the kissing and the emotional rapture, Megatron murmured to him, "Will you be staying here this evening?"

Recharging next to Megatron was probably a bad idea, but Optimus had been fully dead just two days ago, so he decided to be reckless. "If you wouldn't mind," he said, trying to sound casual and failing.

Megatron grinned at him.

Feeling bold, Optimus palmed his own breasts and said, "Would you like any more?"

Megatron's optics smoldered. "Perhaps in the morning, when we'll have the opportunity to properly indulge ourselves."

In his typically demanding fashion, Megatron went about arranging their positions to his liking. At last, he ended up more or less wrapped around Optimus's torso, their legs slotted together, and Megatron's face pressed up against one of the soft breasts that Optimus had neglected to hide away again for some reason.

As his processor began to enter recharge, he hoped that by 'indulge ourselves' Megatron had meant going another round in the morning.

Just then, Megatron murmured something, "Optimus, out of curiosity, what does 'use protection' mean?"

It took Optimus a groggy moment to figure out what he was talking about. And then, well. "It means to use tools to prevent organic conception."

There was a long silence, and then the peaceful atmosphere was wrecked by Megatron's furious roar. "WHAT—"

End Notes

Huge thanks to [RHplus](#) for the inspiration and for being an awesome beta.

I love comments so much, so I will definitely love yours—let me know what you think!

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